NEW YORK JOURNAL
W. R. HEARST.
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Only forty-seven days more of Cleveland.

MAKING PEACE WITH HEAVEN.

There should be no note of carping and no appearance of reluctance in the applause due Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for his splendid gift of $1,000,000 to the New York Lying-In Hospital. It is a general weakness of human nature, which scattered exceptions merely prove, that the richer a man grows the harder he finds it to give money away, and therefore Mr. Morgan's generosity is much more praiseworthy and commendable than a larger gift from a poorer man, or even from himself a year or two ago, before he so largely increased his wealth by Mr. Cleveland's aid at the expense of the American people. The Lying-In Hospital is one of the most deserving of charitable institutions, and Mr. Morgan's princely donation will vastly increase its value to the city. He is indeed, in this respect, a public benefactor.

In connection with this subject it is gratifying to observe that there is a growing disposition among the rich in this country to return a portion of their gains to the people; not to the people at large, it is true, but, which is obviously better, to that part of the people known as the poor. Leland Stanford, after obtaining a hundred millions or more by means of one of the most grinding, corrupt and dangerous monopolies the nation has ever suffered from, at his death left several millions with which a university has been built. The late Mr. Vanderbilt gave a much smaller sum for a university in Tennessee. Mr. Rockefeller has liberally endowed with a few of the millions he has gathered from the Standard Oil monopoly a university in Chicago. Another Standard Oil man, the late Mr. Pratt, founded the excellent institution in Brooklyn known as the Pratt Institute. To go further back, Messrs. Peabody, Girard and an early Astor all deprived their heirs of a portion of the wealth they expected for the public benefit. Governor Tilden wanted to do the same thing, but his intentions were frustrated by the courts. In Chicago Matthew Laflin has constructed an Academy of Sciences, and Marshall Field has endowed the Columbian Museum.

In less conspicuous ways this tendency is no less manifest among other men not so rich as these. Many such men give to charity sums that aggregate a vast amount every year. They all, the very rich and those not so rich, deserve gratitude and praise. As long as they are not able to persuade themselves to obey Christ's command, "Sell all you have and give it to the poor," they are doing comparatively well to give us a part. As long as they feel that they must take advantage of and rigorously perpetuate the order which gives them a monopoly of the right of access to natural opportunities, they are doing comparatively well to disburse among some of those they have deprived of that right a share of their increment. Not only are they benefiting their fellows, but it may be they are making their peace with Heaven.

THE OLD JOURNALISM IN SPASMS.

When, on Tuesday of this week, the Journal exclusively announced the fact that Secretary Olney and Premier Canovas were negotiating a treaty offering practical autonomy to Cuba, the old journalism had spasms of envy resulting in a perfect roar of printed rage the next day. All of the old journalistic papers were content with that and with denial of the news, except the World, which frantically instructed its Washington correspondent to get the treaty at any cost, and on Thursday it printed what purported to be the full text—entirely different, however, from the text as correctly given by the Journal. Now its fellow sufferer, the Sun, has basely smitten it with publication of the fact that the treaty printed in the World was the treaty of El Zanjon, "negotiated at the time of the old revolution, and put in force nearly twenty years ago." The World altered it a little here and there in an effort to bring it up to date; but it was the treaty of El Zanjon, probably taken from a book, "The Island of Cuba," written by Rowan and Ramsey, "whose writings," the Sun adds, were "liberally quoted" by the World "in the form of an interview on the Cuban question of to-day."

The moral of which is that the old journalism is sure to come to grief when it tries to rival the new journalism. If it cannot get facts instead of fakes, it should stick to the narrow treadmill of routine, which is comparatively safe though uninteresting.

MR. ASTOR'S LATEST CHARITY.

A London cablegram informs us that the sum of $10,000 has been contributed to the Indian famine fund by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who will be remembered doubtless by many of our older citizens as a former resident of New York.

Many of those who knew Mr. Astor during the period of his American citizenship will possibly be surprised to learn of this sudden burst of generosity. Certainly no one has ever heard him express any deep sympathy for any of New York's famine sufferers, and it was on rare occasions that he disbursed any such sum as the one mentioned, except for his own personal gratification. There are two ways in which we may account for Mr. Astor's generosity. One is that he wishes to advance himself in English society, and the other is that, possessing as he does the most inordinate appetite ever heard of in New York prior to the arrival of the Marquis de Croisic, his heart has been stirred into sympathy for the unfortunates who cannot even obtain the rice which nourishes them.

It is probable that any one of the seals in Central Park could guess which one of these theories is the correct one, and such of us as recall the shameless manner in which Mr. Astor attempted to buy his way into Congress when he entered the campaign as one of the Better Element can recognize in his recent gift the familiar earmark of his methods.

It is an unfortunate thing for America that she should be represented in Europe by so many plutocrats of the Astor type, men who, like he, began life with a firm belief that everything in this world had its price. Mr. Astor's faith in the power of his money is so great that not even his failure to get into Congress nor the cold indifference of certain aristocratic Englishmen whose favor he covets can convince him of his mistake. He has spent money lavishly in England, and has succeeded in associating himself with so many persons of title that the average American citizen believes—that is, if he troubles himself to think about the matter at all—that the American millionaire has bought his way into the very core of the British aristocracy. In support of this belief the fact is cited that the Prince of Wales visited him at Cliveden last Spring.

It is true that Mr. Astor was honored in this way by royalty, but it should not be forgotten that the Prince had just had the misfortune to lose his two stanchest financial supporters, Baron Hirsch and Colonel North, and that, if we may employ a Rialto metaphor, "it was forty miles from Schnectady to Troy."

His Highness is very careful of his health these days, visiting Homburg every year, taking cold baths and practising abstemiousness in his eating and drinking, but associating with millionaires of the Astor type he regards as cold business and acts accordingly. In this way he has frequently put to good use many of the worthless human products of the earth.

But no matter how much money Mr. Astor may choose to spend in the entertainment of his acquaintances, or in the cause of charity, he will never be able to blot out from the public memory the fact that as soon as he had secured possession of Cliveden he expelled the public from that historic park, which had been thrown open to them for so many years that they had come to look upon it as public property.

OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!

To the great surprise of everybody in this State, the Republican caucus at Albany has nominated one Thomas Collier Platt to be United States Senator. Mr. Platt's name was not mentioned prior to the vote, and there were no apparent indications that he was a candidate. But his nomination was almost unanimous. He received 142 votes, to 7 for Joseph Hodges Choate, the trust defender.

The nominee and prospective Senator is a resident of Owego, Tioga County. He is sixty-three years old, has been president of a bank in Tioga, and is now an expressman. It is a curious coincidence that he will be the second Senator named Platt from New York State. It may be remembered that the first Platt served a few months with Senator Roscoe Conkling in 1881, resigned, sought re-election and was laughed out of Albany.

This Platt is said to be a man of good ability and lofty ideals of statesmanship. He will undoubtedly prove a worthy colleague of the Hon. Edward Murphy, Jr., of Troy.

PUBLIC OPINION STILL A FORCE.

Alderman Madden's withdrawal from the Senatorship contest in Illinois is comforting evidence that public opinion is still a force to be reckoned with by even the most powerful and insolent political machine.

Madden, a ward striker of the lowest type, is the brains of the Chicago clique that has only lately seized the Republican party in Illinois. Like our own Platt, he has for some years been president of a large corporation which found him useful in securing legislation. He has made millions out of the City Council for the Western Stone Company. His business importance gave him a kind of standing, and he saw no reason why, like Platt, he should not aspire to the Senate of the United States.

With the aid of the machine, he had little difficulty in making his election certain; and he certainly would have been elected but for public opinion. This often undervalued agency was set to work by the Chicago press, and has been able, alone and unaided, to compel Madden's withdrawal at the eleventh hour.

MACHINE AGAINST CHEAP GAS.

Advocates for cheap gas for this monopoly cursed metropolis may well be dismayed by the bill introduced into the Legislature Thursday by Platt's man from Niagara, Mr. Dudley. While the bill looks innocent enough, and would perhaps be a good law if honestly administered, the dangerous thing about it is the threat behind it—the threat that Platt will not favor Senator Cantor's bill.

As everybody knows, the easiest way to defeat the Cantor bill at this time, when the public sentiment of Greater New York unanimously indorses it, is not to oppose it, but to "prefer" some other bill, and so contrive the death of both in the ensuing contest. Evidently the Easy Boss has adopted the easy way. He has kept still long enough to let the Gas Trust squirm under the Journal's agitation, and when the pain was acutest had himself called in to apply a dose of his peculiar medicine.

But Platt cannot apply his methods to the Journal. We are in the fight to win, and win it we shall, sooner or later.

SAVERS OF THE NATIONAL HONOR.

At this date the new head savers of the national honor for the next four years have apparently been ranged in this order:

President—William McKinley, of Ohio. Vice-President—Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey (don't forget Hobart). Secretary of State—John Sherman, of Ohio. Secretary of the Treasury—John D. Long, of Massachusetts. Secretary of War—Captain Russell A. Alger, of Michigan. United States Senator from New York—Thomas C. Platt. United States Senator from Pennsylvania—Boies Penrose. United States Senator from Wisconsin—John C. Spooner. United States Senator from Illinois—William E. Mason (probably). General Manager—Marcus A. Hanna, of Ohio.

As every one of these statesmen was vociferous all last Summer in proclaiming his solicitude for and devotion to the national honor, each more so than the others, the country may breathe freely again. Its honor will undoubtedly be safe in their care, if it watches them sharply enough.

Mr. Fairbanks is the first millionaire Indiana has sent to the United States Senate, but owing to the activity of other States in that particular line Mr. Fairbanks will find a great many gentlemen in that body with whom he can become financially chummy.

It seems that McKinley summoned Mr. Bliss to Canton to inform him that it might be a good idea for him to formulate and promulgate reasons for not going into the McKinley Cabinet, thus giving Mr. Bliss an opportunity to let himself down as easily as possible.

The attempt to revive the Dupont Senatorial case merely indicates that, in case Mr. Hanna is not able to purchase a sufficient number of Senatorial seats, he and his colleagues are prepared to filch a few.

Mr. Walker, chairman of the House Banking and Currency Commitee, has the temerity to sneer at the work of the Indianapolis monetary conference. Mr. Walker ought to understand that everything bearing the label of "sound money" is sacred.

Tom Watson attempted to betray his party in the North Carolina Senatorial fight. It seems that Watson has not fully recovered from the habit he contracted during the late campaign.

It may be that Mr. Choate had some excellent reasons for entering that Senatorial contest, but at the present time they are not bulging out on the face of the news that comes from Albany.

Mr. Huntington's pet legislative measures always did have a way of sitting up in their coffins and trying to compromise with the inevitable.

When a newspaper begins to yell "new journalism" the public will readily understand that the trouble emanates from a depressed business office.

The legislative hand Mr. Addicks is trying to play in Delaware is a bob-tailed affair. He is still shy a Senate.

Mr. Platt is making a great effort to take on the expression of a surprised person.

"Tristan und Isolde."

The usual clanging enthusiasm of the Wagnerites was lacking at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. They were subdued, peaceful, and almost demure. There was not nearly as many of them at this "Tristan und Isolde" performance as at the famous "Siegfried" entertainment a couple of weeks ago. Moreover, they seemed to be afraid of exuberance. There was a certain stealthiness about their movements. The gentleman who wrote "How to Chew Wagner" seemed to be thinking—thinking—thinking (a most extraordinary pastime), and the lusty youths who at "Siegfried" had simply looped up the atmosphere with their clamor were silent. Perhaps they were thinking of poor Melba, who since her fatal Brunhilde evening has never been able to hold up her shapely Australian head. Perchance they harked back to Nordica, whose ponderous successor, Felia Litvinne, sang last night. At any rate, nobody rampaged. The generally ebullient Wagnerites simmered in kettle-like sedateness. This was a great improvement. It is so unpleasant to be surrounded by steaming enthusiasts when you can't steam with them.

Mme. Litvinne sang the role of Isolde for the first time in this country, and a most mountainous and unromantic Isolde was she. If you can imagine the once sympathetic Diss Debar, in a long gown of white (that was meant to cling, but couldn't cling and wouldn't cling), and with a curly bronze wig, a yard long and all wool, you will get some idea of how this Isolde looked. I know that it is very wrong to consider such a treacherous detail as mere appearance in considering a Wagnerian performance, but still, as Isolde is supposed to be a sort of Wagnerian Juliet, lovely, enthralling, youthfully voluptuous, and generally admirable, it seems to me that she should accommodate the eye as well as the ear. Moreover, as Mr. Wagner himself has insisted that she shall be deliriously passionate, and overwhelmingly erotic, you can't shut your eyes when you see a tumultuous lady, who would crush you if she sat accidentally upon your lap in a cable car struggling through this remarkable role

As a matter of fact, both Jean de Reszke and Mme. Litvinne looked (mind, I say "looked") at least two decades too old to render their amorous whinings, purrings, murmurings and ecstacies either appropriate or seemly. It occurred to you that they should both have known better, and if age doesn't put a stop to what "poor Polly" calls such "goings on," then life must indeed be an endless affair. In justice to both artists it must, however, be said that they absolutely failed to act their most lascivious roles. Mme. Livinne amused me when she came to the episode that is thus described in the stage directions: "She drinks and then throws away the cup. Both, seized with shuddering, gaze with deepest emotion, but immovable demeanor into one another's eyes, in which the expression of defiance to death, fades and melts into the glow of passion. Trembling seizes them. They convulsively clutch their hearts, and pass their hands over their brows. Their glances again seek to meet, sink in confusion, and once more turn with growing longing upon one another."

Mme. Litvinne interpreted this by limping slowly toward Jean de Reszke, like a huge Nuremberg doll wound up and warranted to walk for five minutes. No "trembling seized her." Nothing could do that. Half a dozen De Reszkes would not daunt her. When she had reached hrm, she flung a couple of colossal arms around his neck, and said "Tristan!" It was a motherly cry, and you half expected to hear her add, "You naughty boy. I was going to spank you, but I wont." De Reszke himself merely indulged in what is known as "the glad smile," and cried, "Isolde!" with an inferred "Why, how d'ye do?" I don't blame the artists for refusing to obey the Wagnerian edicts. If these had emanated from Zola, a howl of outraged propriety would go up to the skies. But as it is Wagner—it is all fraught with "deathly beauty" and superb "poetic significance."

Mme. Litvinne vocally surprised her audience. Her voice has no beauty, or subtlety, or finesse, or sympathy, but she sings doughtily and energetically and agreeably. The role of Isolde will not fatigue her in the least. She could, I am quite convinced, give a continuous Wagnerian performance of Brunhilde in the afternoon and Isolde in the evening, without feeling the least fatigue. And I much prefer to hear women like Mme. Litvinne sing these roles. Such work is not dangerous to their vocal equipment, and no risks are taken.

Jean de Heszke, plus an embryonic mustache, sang Tristan delightfully—and under distressing difficulties, for I am told that he was a martyr to neuralgia. I hasten to add that the neuralgia was not due to any Wagnerian causes. It was purely natural. After hearing of his fatigued condition, I felt genuinely sorry for him when Isolde swung herself around his neck, but I don't believe that there was really any need for compassion. Mme. Litvinne is a sort of sister-in-law, and relatives are privileged to be objectionable.

Edouard de Reszke was the King Marke. David Bispham, a magnificent artist who should surely graft himself upon the affections of the metropolis, was the Kurwenal; Herr von Hubbenet, Melot, and Lloyd D'Aubigne, Steuermann. Mlle. Rosa Olitzka sang the part of Brangene very effectively, and acted it with keen intelligence. In fact, Mlle. Olitzka deserves a crown of congratulations for both her vocal and dramatic effort.

Conductor Anton Seidl was favored with more of the audience's applause than the artists received. He was dragged upon the stage at the close of the first act, and everybody delighted to do him honor. Seidl deserves it all richly and takes it all with extreme modesty.

The chorus was in excellent form, and the stage setting was careful, if not elaborate. Still, as I said above, it was a Wagnerian evening, in which the fine Teutonic frenzy that we have come to associate with such entertainments was missing. Something was wrong, and I am unable to say what it was. It was noticeable before the curtain rose, so that Mme. Litvinne could not have been the cause of it. I absolutely decline to even suggest that the cheerless, drizzling weather could have had anything to do with it. There was probably some occult, mystic reason that nobody but the author of "How to Chew Wagner" could possibly explain.

ALAN DALE.

Bull Fighting and Football.

[Houston Post.]

It seems from the comment in that country that the Mexicans, after seeing American football, prefer to stick to bull fighting. The Mexicans don't like rough sport.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music..Two Little Vagrants
American Theatre....Captain Impudence
Bijou.....Courted Into Court
Broadway Theatre.....Shamus O'Brien
Broadway Music Hall.....The Geezer
Columbus Theatre..Under the Polar Star
Casino.....An American Beauty
Daly's.....The Geisha
Empire Theatre.....Under the Red Robe
Eden Musee.....World of Wax
Fifth Avenue.....A Superfluous Husband
Grand Opera House.....New Eight Bells
Garrick Theatre.....Secret Service
Garden Theatre.....Heartsease
Hoyt's Theatre.....A Contented Woman
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris
Harlem Op. House..Lost, Strayed or Stolen
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vaudeville
Irving Place Theatre....Das Einmal Eins
Keith's.....Continuous Performance
Koster & Bial's.....Vaudeville
Knickerbocker Theatre..The Hobby Horse
Metropolitan Opera House...Grand Opera
Murray Hill.....The Great Northwest
Olympia—Music Hall, Vaudeville, 8:15 P. M.; Winter Garden, Bal Champetre, 11 P. M.
People's Theatre..The Power of the Press
Pastor's Theatre.....Vaudeville
Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M. to Midnight.
Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous, Noon to 11 P. M.
Star Theatre.....A Trip to Chinatown
Wallack's..... Kismet
14th St. Theatre.....The Cherry Pickers

JUST A MOMENT WITH THE CHAPPIES.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

HOW bitterly the Belmont war is being waged may be judged from the fact that a man went to the various newspaper offices yesterday afternoon for the express purpose of stating that Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont would not be present at the entertainment given by Mrs. Ogden Mills last night.

Possibly if "the Lady Alva" had known of this remarkable proceeding she would have sent out a courier to make the same announcement, for she is no more anxious to mingle with what is known as the Perry Belmont faction than that faction is to have her.

This whole thing furnishes as pretty a fight as we have had in society for a long time.

Mrs. Henry Sloane did not have Mrs. Oliver Belmont at her dance on Monday night, and it is absolutely certain that Perry Belmont has not sent his sister-in-law an invitation to participate in the joy of the large ball that he is to give next Thursday.

It is also possible that Mrs. Oliver Belmont may not attend Mrs. John Jacob Astor's ball on Monday night, although she was prominent at the recent large dance given by Mrs. William Astor.

Mrs. Jack Astor is generally accredited with being part and parcel of the circle within the circle that Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Sloane and Perry Belmont have formed, and that their friends are her friends.

The presence of Mrs. Oliver Belmont at the elder Mrs. Astor's ball is explained by the know-it-alls on the ground that Mrs. Astor was so offended at the attitude of the Vanderbilt family toward young "Neely's" marriage to Grace Wilson, her son-in-law's sister, that she sent an invitation to the woman who divorced Willie K. Vanderbilt.

But Mrs. Oliver Belmont does not need to worry over the fact that Mrs. Ogden Mills made an emphatic point of not asking her to the dance last night.

Mrs. Belmont has hosts of friends, and it looks to me as though she were gaining ground all the time.

Her special champion is Mrs. James P. Kernochan, than whom there is no more ardent friend or formidable adversary anywhere. When Mrs. Kernochan puts on her war paint she neither asks quarter nor gives it.

I am told that she actually refused an introduction to a chappie the other day because he had been so indiscreet as to offer some petty criticism of Mrs. Belmont.

When we consider what an indomitable fighter Mrs. Belmont is herself, the possibility of peace under existing conditions is indeed remote.

The lines are drawing closer and closer all the while, and with each succeeding encounter the bitterness between the factions becomes more and more intense.

As the situation now is, Mrs. Oliver Belmont has for her most aggressive allies Mrs. Kernochan and the set of which that lady is the acknowledged leader. Against her are Perry Belmont, as persistent and uncompromising a fighter as society knows; Mrs. Henry Sloane and Mrs. Ogden Mills, a combination that is indeed powerful.

On comparatively neutral ground are the great Astor and Vanderbilt influences—the former active in entertainment, but undecided; the latter passive through domestic affliction, but still formidable.

Mrs. William Astor, as I have said, has already formally recognized Mrs. Oliver Belmont. What Mrs. Jack Astor will do remains to be seen.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., is said to be absolutely unyielding in his determination not to forgive his son and namesake for marrying against his will, and that time serves only to make him harder and more unrelenting toward the boy.

If that is the case, it is not probable that the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., at Mrs. Ogden Mills's last night will tend to make Vanderbilt pere side actively with "the only pebble on the beach" in any warfare that she may make on Mrs. Oliver Belmont.

All in all, the battle waxes so hot that many people who have no part in it now are fast becoming excited to the point of taking sides.

What the end will be nobody knows; but a cessation of hostilities is out of the question when couriers are trotting around Printing House Square to announce who will not be present at entertainments.

The Turning Off of Mrs. Costigan.

ALL her life Mrs. Costigan had been afflicted with too much imagination. Imagination had clothed worthless Dan Costigan with the charms of a demigod and the virtues of a Puritan forefather; imagination mourned his demise as a blow instead of regarding it as a blessing; imagination had gifted young Dan with all the unreal graces with which it had previously adorned his father. And even if young Dan had lived out his natural term of years and had progressed logically from the streets to the asylum and thence to the jail, his mother's imagination would have made him a martyr. As it was, his early death enshrined him for her in the company of angels.

The face of a Madonna.

Mrs. Costigan was scrubwoman in one of the sky-scraping office buildings where lawyers congregated. Every afternoon at 4 o'clock she doffed her limp black skirt and hung it in a narrow little closet on the fourth floor. Then, in a stout skirt of jeans and dismal-sounding slippers that flapped their heels along the slated corridors, she reappeared with mop and pail. The few people that noticed her as they rushed through the halls with briefs and bags in their hands gave little thought to her. She was an afternoon feature connected with slippery, wet floors and the sloshy sound of water cast recklessly upon them with mops. That she was gray-haired and thin, with wide, pathetic, faded eyes and a habit of bobbing apologetically out of one's way, seldom struck any one. But Barlow noticed it.

Barlow was young, tall and broad, with a habit of cheerful, inconsequent kindliness. He was the youngest of all the juniors in the great law firm of Webster, Clay & Calhoun. He was there because his uncle was the oldest of all the seniors, and young Barlow was obliged to become heir to his legal renown as well as to his money some day. For the rest, Barlow cared more for a canter over the hills than for a brief any day, and was kindly disposed toward all humanity from the excellence of his digestion. So he smiled cheerily upon the old woman slopping in the long corridors on dull afternoons—all afternoons were dull in the big, sunless building. And occasionally he stopped for a minute to say: "And how is the world treating you to-day, mother?" Wherefore the heart of Mrs. Costigan was grateful within her, and her imagination worked actively as she trundled waste paper baskets out of the empty offices and shook the rugs in the rooms of the various senior members of firms.

"Bad weather we're having mother!"

"Sometimes Oi think thet if me poor Dannie had lived he'd a been loike him," she used to say to herself, looking after Barlow with eyes in which motherly tenderness blended with adoring servility. And Barlow, unconscious of the deadly insult of the comparison, would sing out cheerfully:

"Good evening! Bad weather we're having to-day, mother!"

"Thrue fur you, sir," Mrs. Costigan would reply, bobbing excitedly before him.

Then the door of room 811 would swing upon Mr. Barlow's figure, and by and by she would hear him whistling gayly. Not being acquainted with Wagnerian music, she did not recognize the wedding march.

One night, when she went in to clean room 811 he was sitting disconsolately at his desk. He looked up sadly.

"Oh, it's you, mother, is it?" said he kindly. "Go ahead; I'll be going out in a minute."

Somehow, because his hands were a little tremulous, some papers fell on the floor, and Mrs. Costigan, rushing to forestall him in picking them up, saw the picture of a girl with hair parted madonnawise over a madonna brow and the cold look of one who is a saint by nature and not by struggle in her eyes and on her lips. And the scrubwoman felt the sudden pain of a mother whose son has no longer eyes or heart for her.

"She ain't good enough fur him," said Mrs. Costigan fiercely, as she trudged through the teeming streets to her home that night. "She's got no heart compared to him."

After that Mrs. Costigan watched young Barlow with fierce, maternal jealousy. If he came in looking pale, she hated the madonna-browed girl; if his tune sounded merrily through the transom, she gave a grudging reward to the young woman.

"Sure she's the fool not to have him!"

"Shure, she's the fool not to tek him while she's the chanst," said imaginative Mrs. Costigan to herself.

One afternoon there was a swish of silken skirts in the wake of Barlow's springing step. Mrs. Costigan looked up from her buckets. Her hero's face was radiant. Behind him came a tall, lithe girl, with the well-remembered face, and a short, stout duennaish person, who told Barlow that it was "an outrage to have the halls slopped up at that hour in the afternoon for the convenience of a scrubwoman." Then the doors swung together upon the party, and Mrs. Costigan knew that "she" had "taken" Barlow.

"Oi think Oi'll give thim somethin'," she said to herself that night. "Shure if Oi towld him thet's it's manny a toime he's warmed me heart wid his 'mother,' he wouldn't moind takin' a bit uv a gift from the loikes uv me. They'd hev no use fur a sprid, or there's thet han'ssome wan Judy O'Connor med me. Oi might get thim—oh, annything thet would show him thet Oi molinded how he called me 'mother.' Oh, me poor Dannie!"

For a minute the lights dotting the street ahead were blurred together by her tears. Then she dried them to go examine the handsome spread which Judy O'Connor had made her.

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"Shure, hevn't Oi always done me wurruk well? Hev Oi missed a day? Has anny uv the tinents iver complained?"

"No, no, Mrs. Costigan," explained the superintendent of the big building wearily. "There's no complaint, and personally I don't like to see you go. But you understand there's influence brought to bear in every job. You see, young Barlow's uncle is one of the biggest tenants, and another uncle is part owner of the building. And it seems that young Barlow's sweetheart goes in for charity and that sort of thing and wants one of her poor women appointed here. And—well, you see how it is. I can't very well refuse young Barlow. Besides," with heavy facetiousness, "they tell me you're a tidy little bank account of your own—why, surely, Mrs. Costigan, you're not blaming me? You're not going away mad? Well"—

But the janitor never finished his speech. For Mrs. Costigan had turned speechlessly and the dreary sound of her departing footsteps echoed along the hall. And mingling with their disconsolate patter there came from room No. 811 the jubilant notes of Barlow's favorite wedding march.

ANNE O'HAGAN.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

He is an artist and a lover—a rare combination of Bohemian and prospective Benedict, with all the ardor of the latter and all the irresponsibility of the former. As the united means of the lovers would not have furnished the parlor of a Harlem flat, the enamoured artist returned to New York from his Winter vacation in the South to work hard as an illustrator and prepare a home by degrees for the girl who had promised to be his bride. Yesterday he was able to report progress, for his inamorata had come to New York on a visit to an aunt.

"Tell me," she said, freeing herself from his first embrace, "how you are getting on with the—with our housefurnishing."

"Tip top!" he ejaculated, smoothing back her hair. "You'd never believe it, love, but I've spent $80 on it already."

"My! But are you sure you haven't been denying yourself anything? What things have you got for the kitchen?"

"Oh, nothing much. But I've got a lovely old bit of tapestry all covered with fleurs de-lis that was dirt cheap at $15, and I've spent $17 on pistols and swords and things for the walls. Some of them are beauties. But the best of all is the chair."

"Chair—one chair?" she murmured, in bewilderment.

"Only one, of course. But it's 300 years old if it's an hour. See here." With a few rapid strokes he made a sketch on the back of an envelope. "This part's oak, and this is black walnut, and the upholstering here and here is Cordova leather—carved, you know. Here, on the seat, is the portrait of a cavalier—it's a Spanish chair, you see—and here on the back are the traces of a coat of arms, with a lot of gilding. And the legs"—

"How much did you say you paid for it, dearest?"

"Fifty dollars, at a sale. Wasn't I in luck?"

The maiden sighed. Then she smiled indulgently as she said:

"Yes, love; but please remember that we can't keep house with a bit of tapestry and a lot of pistols and a Spanish chair. Do get something for the kitchen next, wont you, love?"

Looking Forward.

The funeral of Mr. Oakley Jollyit took place yesterday afternoon from the Church of the Whited Sepulchre. Mr. Jollyit, it will be remembered, met with the accident that caused his death during the police raid on the dinner given at Delmonico's by Dr. Chauncey M. De Peach to Lord Strawberry-Leaves, who is about to marry his granddaughter's intimate friend, Miss Trillions, the daughter of George W. Trillions, president of the Cucumber Trust.

The raid was due to the fact that Captain Clackman had been credibly informed that Moody and Sankey were to give a performance there that evening. On the entrance of the police, Mr. Jollyit ran upstairs, and, being pursued, jumped from a four-story window, fracturing his skull. Lord Strawberry-Leaves, being ignorant of the customs of the country, resisted, and had three ribs broken. He is reported to be convalescent, though his eighty-three Winters make recovery doubtful. The nineteen-year-old bride is distracted.

The condition of Colonel Whiffletree, who jumped down the elevator shaft and was bitten by the watchdog, is serious. He has been taken to the Pasteur Institute for treatment, and is suing Delmonico's for a new suit of clothes.

Signor Teddie Marksi, the Italian impresario, who engaged Mme. Flatti to sing at the dinner of the Sons of the Revolution at their last anniversary banquet, was arrested yesterday morning, after a desperate struggle, by Captain Clackman and a squad of police. Signor Marksi, who lifted the manhole of the sewer at Twenty-third street and Broadway, and jumped in on the occasion of the arrest of the other guests of the society, managed temporarily to avoid arrest, but, with praiseworthy diligence, the police have been watching the outlets of the sewer ever since, and escape was impossible. The impresario was discovered in the basement of the Waldorf yesterday, and was at once surrounded. He was heavily ironed and taken to Police Headquarters, where he was photographed for the Rogues' Gallery. He will appear before the Grand Jury to-day.

Police Captain Clackman was yesterday granted four years leave of absence on the sick list by the Police Commissioners. Captain Clackman is suffering from writer's cramp, complicated with paresis, the outcome of the recent testimonial dinner tendered him by the Lady Vaudeville Association in recognition of his services in advertising the profession and causing a raise in the salaries of its members. The unaccustomed labor, to him, of affixing his signature to the thousands of photographs he has exchanged with the ladies of the vaudeville stage brought about the cramp two weeks ago, and paresis set in yesterday, while the bills from photographers for the bales of portraits he has sent to the profession have resulted in his going into bankruptcy.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"Don't you think the true principle of life is for all mankind to go hand in hand?"

"I don't know about that; there are times and places when mankind has to have one hand on its pocketbook."—Chicago Record.

"Do you know your neighbors, the Lippertons?"

"No, we don't know them at all; they merely used to lend us their lawn mower last Summer."—Chicago Record.

"Two years in the penitentiary for stealing a hog? That's tough on him."

"Not a bit. I haven't any sympathy for him. He's rich enough not to need to steal, and he's not rich enough to plead kleptomania. It serves him right for being a blamed fool!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Do you like cabbage?"

"Well, I never eat it, but I smoke it, sometimes."—Chicago Record.

Wife—Robbie is bound to get married.

Husband—Yes, and he'll be bound an infernal sight tighter after he is married.—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Olding—Why, that joke of yours is at least fifty years old.

Miss Sniffly—And you have never forgotten it in all that time?—Detroit Free Press.

"You recall the trader with the chin whiskers? Yes? Well, it turns out that he was a swindler."

The other benighted savage shrugged his shoulders.

"I imagined as much," he rejoined. "Indeed, I remarked to my wife when we had finished him that I didn't feel as if I had eaten a square meal. There are instincts that can't be deceived, you know."—Detroit Journal.